Vol. X, No. 34 **HUMAN EVENTS** August 26, 1953

BRITAIN'S STRATEGY AGAINST NAPOLEON

By C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

THE CURRENT EFFORT of our diplomats to lead an irresolute coalition against the Soviets recalls Britain's similar problem with respect to Napoleonic France. In view of her success we might profitably explore the way in which Britain finally overthrew Napoleon, and, dominating the Congress of Vienna, laid the foundation for a century of peace.

The architect of British policy was the Foreign Minister, Lord Castlereagh, the "soul of the coalition". He never wavered in his purpose to defeat France. But his allies were even more uncertain than those of the United States today. Alexander of Russia swore friendship with Napoleon at Tilsit; the Emperor of Austria gave Napoleon the hand of his daughter in marriage; after Jena the Prussians were meek for a long time; Bernadotte, a Frenchman and former marshal of Napoleon, was Prince Royal of Sweden and in control of its policy. Like our own allies, each of these nations was in more or less straitened financial circumstances. Moreover Napoleon, like the late Stalin, was popular with the advanced thinkers of that day. A child of the French Revolution, he managed to embody the concept of progress in the minds of many in every country, no matter how despotic his government and endless his wars.

Like the United States, Britain was limited in manpower. It did have the largest navy, as we have the largest navy and air force. Britain, too, being the leading industrial and trading nation, had goods and money.

HAVING COMPARED the problems of the United States and Great Britain, let us analyze their respective solutions. 1. *Aid based on specific military undertakings.* Castlereagh, too, had his foreign aid plan but its administration was far more definite. The United States aids its allies in a rather vague hope that they will thereby be persuaded to cooperate. Even the suggestion that part of our aid to European countries be conditioned on their adoption of the E. D. C. agreement was opposed on the ground that it smacked of "international blackmail" and "dollar diplomacy". Castlereagh's technique, on the other hand, was to demand a specific *quid pro quo,* apparently not bothered by possibilities of the charge of "pound diplomacy". He insisted on concessions in consideration of Britain's monetary contribution.

Published weekly at 1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.
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Britain's opportunity came with the collapse of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. In the year 1813 Castlereagh negotiated separate treaties of "Concert and Subsidy" with Russia, Prussia, Austria and Sweden. These treaties fell in a pattern. Great Britain undertook to furnish money, described as "pecuniary Succours"; the ally agreed to employ a specified number of troops against Napoleon.

The subsidy treaty of June 15, 1813, with Russia, had additional features. Besides £100,000 a month for general purposes, Britain put up £500,000 in a lump sum for the Russian fleet. In return, Russia agreed "to the employment by His Britannic Majesty of the said Fleet in European Seas, in the manner which he may judge the most useful to the operations against the common Enemy".

Britain also agreed to pay Russia the cost of its army's "German Legion". This was composed of German soldiers conscripted into the French army for the invasion of Russia, but who had deserted or been captured, and were now willing to fight Napoleon. The anti-Communist North Korean and Chinese prisoners might have been similarly employed.

Early in 1814 the representatives of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia and Austria met to negotiate renewed subsidies and further alliance, a conference which eventuated in the Treaty of Chaumont. The Treaty of Chaumont also required the subsidized powers to keep specified numbers of troops in the field against Napoleon. Britain undertook a similar obligation — 120,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry. But Britain was permitted to lessen her contribution of manpower by supplying, in place of troops, additional funds at the rate of £20 per foot soldier and £30 per cavalryman per year. We supply the money and the soldiers.

Strict enforcement of treaty rights. The United States has been lenient with its allies who failed to respect such obligations as they did assume. Not so Castlereagh. When bickering, jealousy or plain sulking jeopardized the success of the coalition, Castlereagh acted decisively. In December, 1813, Bernadotte was in command of a Swedish army in Holland near a British force in considerable danger. Annoyed at some fancied wrong, Bernadotte delayed his assistance. Castlereagh sent word to Bernadotte to honor his promises or forfeit his subsidies. Bernadotte marched to the rescue. Later, in March, 1814, Bulcher's army, then in northern France, was on the verge of destruction. Bernadotte again was nearby, but once more in a sullen mood. Castlereagh sent another stiff message. Bernadotte marched.

Castlereagh showed as little compunction when dealing with more powerful allies. In February, 1814, during the negotiations at Chaumont, Austria and Russia were at log-

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gerheads. The conference apparently could get nowhere. Castlereagh said the subsidies would be halted. The parties promptly got together and signed the Treaty of Chaumont.

3. *Standing up to Russia; diplomacy by negotiation and not by good fellowship.* It has already been noted that Napoleon, despite his tyrannies and bloodletting, had his followers among the "forward" looking people of Europe. Odder still is the fact that Alexander of Russia enjoyed a similar following; he was wildly acclaimed when he visited England after the occupation of Paris and was regularly in touch with the Whig opposition to the Tory government. The Russian autocrat managed to look like a liberal abroad, despite the most ruthless repression at home.

Unlike Roosevelt, Castlereagh did not allow himself to be deceived by this atmosphere of progress about Czar Alexander. And unlike Roosevelt, Castlereagh did not attempt to win Alexander to his point of view by ingratiation. Castlereagh's strategy was, on the contrary, to talk to Alexander in plain language. This task was subject to a difficulty not applicable to Roosevelt in his dealings with Stalin; in those days a monarch was regarded as sacred; Castlereagh, although an aristocrat, was not on a par with Alexander. So the other diplomats were amazed at Castlereagh's frankness with the Czar.

The principle post-Napoleonic peace conference was of course the Congress of Vienna. Russia was extremely demanding. The most moot issue was Poland. In discussions of the subject the Czar customarily put his hand on the map of Poland saying *"C'est à moi"*. Castlereagh was alarmed not only about Poland but over Russia's attitude in general. He burst out to Talleyrand, "The Russians are trying to lay down the law. England will not take it from anyone." Castlereagh acted. He concluded a treaty of alliance with Austria and France on January 3, 1815. Each nation would come to the aid of either ally menaced or attacked by another power. Confronted by this alliance and Castlereagh's direct speaking, Alexander gave way.

THE READINESS WITH WHICH Castlereagh allied Great Britain with its so recently defeated enemy contrasts with the halting steps which the United States has taken to secure German aid to protect Europe and the world from Russian aggression. It is noteworthy that Castlereagh went ahead to make his alliance without getting the consent of other powers.

4. *Leniency with the defeated enemy and with hostile ideology.* Castlereagh's alliance with France was the more effective because Britain's treaty of peace with France, despite twenty years of war and incident hatred, had not been vengeful or vindictive. The so-called Peace of Paris of May 30, 1814, made within two months of the surrender of

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that city to the allies, left France with its frontiers of 1792 plus the fortress of Landau, required no indemnities, and provided for no occupation and no restrictions on French armed forces.

The only provision respecting the internal affairs of France was as follows: "The High Contracting Parties, desirous to bury in entire oblivion the dissensions which have agitated Europe, declare and promise that no Individual, of whatever rank or condition he may be, in the Countries restored or ceded by the present Treaty, shall be prosecuted, molested or disturbed in his person or property, under any pretext whatsoever, either on account of his conduct or political opinions, his attachment to any of the Contracting Parties, or to any Government which has ceased to exist, or for any other reason . . ." The new Government of France was thus forbidden to punish the adherents of the Revolution and Napoleon.

It was as if the victors had agreed at Potsdam to evacuate Germany at once, leaving her the frontiers of 1933, and imposing the sole restriction for the future that Germany not punish the Nazis. If anyone had made such a suggestion in 1945 he would have been accused of sympathy with the Nazis. But Castlereagh had no sympathy for the followers of the Revolution and Napoleon. Towards them he was completely hostile; more effectively so than any other man in Europe. But Castlereagh was too great a man, too generous and too farsighted, to seek revenge, to pursue sentiments of rancor and hatred, even to demand what in his mind would have been just punishment. He was thinking of the future, not of the past. He realized that a stable, prosperous France was essential to Europe.

Castlereagh's policy was firmness towards Britain's allies, generosity towards the defeated enemy. Ours has been indulgence towards our allies, vengeance towards our defeated enemies, and reliance on an international organization. Despite these marked differences between Britain's strategy and ours, she was marvelously successful in attaining her objectives: Napoleon was overthrown and there was no general war for one hundred years thereafter.

Can we afford to ignore Castlereagh?

C. Dickerman Williams is a New York lawyer who has served in various capacities with the Government, most recently as General Counsel of the Department of Commerce.

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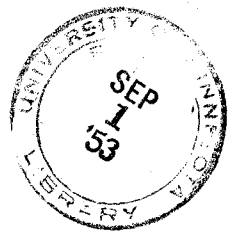
HUMAN EVENTS

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, *Editor* FRANK CHODOROV, *Associate Editor*

Vol. X, No. 34 Wednesday, August 26, 1953 Washington, D. C.



HERACLITUS AND HOLLYWOOD
or
The Greek Who Had Two Words for It

By MORRIE RYSKIND

I AM A FELLOW notoriously frugal in handing out praise. When I watch a rookie third baseman save an early-season game with a brilliant double play, I give due credit; but I do not immediately label him the greatest infielder I ever saw. I am content to wait a few games and see how he handles a bunt and whether he hits in the clutch before I begin comparing him to Heinie Groh.

True enough, this parsimony in distributing honors has gained me the unenviable reputation of a churl. But if I don't give many awards, I cherish the notion that those I do part with are highly regarded. And the time has come for me to loosen up with an Oscar: this year's laurel wreath, suitably engraved, goes to a surprise entry — Heraclitus.

There were many competitors, drawn from the many fields I am interested in, and the choice was not easy. Indeed, to show you the catholicity of my tastes, the man who came down to the wire head and head with Heraclitus only to be nosed out in a photo-finish was Jockey Willie Shoemaker. I was present at Hollywood Park that unforgettable day when Wee Willie established a track record by winning six out of the eight races. When I say unforgettable, I mean it: I established something of a track record myself that day by betting Shoemaker only twice — in the two races he lost. That made me the only man in the park who never saw the cashier's window.

Indeed, there has been some malicious gossip hinting that the sixteen dollars I dropped decisively influenced my judgment. This I dismiss as the typical character-assassination technique of the ADA. Those who know me well know that I was losing eight races a day before I ever heard of Shoemaker.

I defy the slurs and slanderers. This year's award was based solely on two words: $\pi\alpha\nu\tau\alpha\ \rho\epsilon\iota$ — everything flows. And who said that? Well, five will get you eight it wasn't Willie Shoemaker.

No, sir, it was Heraclitus who laid it on the line 2400 years ago — long before Shoemaker was born. "Everything flows", he said. "The world is in a constant state of flux, and there'll be some changes made." Look around you, brother! Did anybody ever say it better or truer? If this isn't flux, what is?

Now I make no pretensions to being an Intellectual, and it's some thirty-five years since I studied either Greek or philosophy. And yet I think of Heraclitus every time my Eastern friends write me asking if things have changed at all in Hollywood — changed, that is, as far as the movie colony's attitude toward Communism is concerned. They recall vividly the Hollywood of 1947, when hundreds of movie stars, directors, producers and writers formed the famous Committee for the First Amendment; contributed thousands of dollars to buy newspaper space and radio time to denounce the infamous inquisition of the House Un-American Activities Committee; and sent to Washington a galaxy-studded plane, containing at least a billion dollars worth of movie flesh, to beard the legislative lions in their den. Led by Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bogart and reinforced at the Capital by Senators Claude Pepper and Glen Taylor, the cinema Intellectuals marched en masse into a famous Washington hotel, threw a cocktail party for the press, posed for pictures and thundered "J'accuse" at the witch-hunters. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle that rose to a fitting climax when that eminent authority on Civil Liberties, Mr. Danny Kaye, made an impassioned defense of the First Amendment — which, it turned out, he had unfortunately confused with the Eighteenth Amendment. They tell me Mr. Kaye was never funnier.

But that was 1947, and this is 1953. The Great Hollywood Liberal who testified in 1947 that he saw

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no reason why he shouldn't hire a Communist (and, boy, *did* he hire 'em!) is now making weekly speeches on the Red Menace in Kiwanis luncheons. That same precious cargo of high-priced talent that fellow-travelled to Washington is now (with the exception of those who have since been identified as C.P. members) applauding publicly the Hollywood hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee. And the Producers' Association — that hard-headed group of financial tycoons who climbed into bed with the Commies to defend the virginity of the screen from its would-be-violators (a procedure I once irreverently termed "saving the girls by sleeping with the madam") — is today on record that it will not hire anybody who refuses to answer the $64 question.

ENTER THE MPA

SO FAR, SO GOOD. The change would tend to prove, it may be argued, that even the Hollywood Intelligentsia are educable. But that is a thesis I am unwilling to endorse. Not yet, anyhow. I wish the converts well, but I want to see how they act in the clutch before I pin any medals on them. After all, Heraclitus had to wait a helluva longer time before receiving the Ryskind Award.

I grow a little nauseated too, when I hear some of the Johnny-Come-Lately boys explain to their thrilled admirers how they Cleaned Up Their Guilds and Drove the Huns out of Hollywood. They won this war about the same way Russia won the Japanese War, and all good readers of *Pravda* know about *that.* And further, the self-anointed saviors proclaim, they did it without using the methods of McCarthy or the equally intolerable tactics of the MPA.

The MPA, in case you don't know, is an organization made up of Hollywood's premature anti-Communists. (The official title, grandiose I concede, is the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals.) Back in the late thirties, it became clear to a good many of us that there was a determined effort being made by the Commies to take over the movie guilds and unions. At that time, most of us were not too aware politically; but we got sick and tired of watching the obvious shenanigans of the Kremlinites. They palpably didn't give a damn about anything unless it fitted their zigzagging line. They would yell for one point on Monday and vote solidly against it on Tuesday. [They would stall the voting at meetings by parliamentary tactics, of which we knew little; they would move "point of order", "question", "out of order" and submit amendments to amendments until the average member, baffled and bewildered, had gone home. Then would come that quick survey which showed them they had a majority — and wham! the vote.] I needn't stress the point — the tactics I saw in the Screen Writers' Guild were used by every Commie group in every guild and union in the country.

It was a rugged time for us premature anti-Communists. In our own guilds, we had to fight not only the cunning of the Sovieteers but the derision of the Liberals and the apathy of the vast majority. And the toughest of these was apathy. We grew hardened to the superciliousness of the Intelligentsia, and we could take the eye-gouging of the Reds, but the apathy of the good decent citizen who didn't know the score was the thing that almost broke our hearts and backs.

And, besides the dirty work in the guilds, there were the scores of fronts. There were the Hollywood League Against War and Fascism, the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League (what decent man wouldn't join this organization, even if he were to be slightly puzzled when it disbanded right after the Soviet-Nazi pact?), the Hollywood This and the Hollywood That. Good God, how the money rolled in!

It was the late — and great — James K. McGuinness who said, "We're sitting ducks because we aren't organized as the Commies are. Let's get together and even this scrap up."

So early in 1944 we organized the MPA to fight Communism and said so out loud. There were about five hundred of us: writers, directors, actors, producers (we had enough famous names to get the story printed nationally) and, overwhelmingly, labor. The labor boys were engaged in a death-battle with the Commie movement and they knew it; so the heads of the studio drivers, the prop men, the plasterers, the cement finishers, the teamsters, the grips and the others all came. Within a week or so, our ranks had swelled to 750 (it's over 1500 today, and I mean dues-payers).

CARRIERS OF POISONED SPEARS

AND THEN THE COMMIES let loose the poison gas. It was during the war, so "Hitler's Friends Organize" ran the screaming headline in the *People's World.* "Red-baiters, pro-fascists, anti-labor, anti-Semites", yelled the Commies, and, given that music cue, no true Hollywood Liberal could resist joining in the chorus. Katherine Hepburn denounced us in a speech at Gilmore Stadium; John Gunther flew in to Hollywood, had dinner with the Proper People, got the lowdown on us, and shortly after issued his findings. Elmer Rice, consulting his ouija board, castigated us in the *Saturday Review* and added one more charge against us: that of Jim Crowism, probably based on the obvious fact that we didn't see eye to eye with Paul Robeson.

True, we didn't have many Negroes in our midst, but we had as many as the Screen Writers Guild, the

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Directors and the Producers Association. The simple fact is that, except in the acting field, there are few Negroes in Hollywood. But you might have thought that the fact that our members were made up overwhelmingly of labor men might stop even a Liberal like Rice from echoing the Commie charges. Just as the fact that a number of my co-religionists were on the executive board of the Alliance with me might, to a man of ordinary intelligence, convey the impression that the Alliance couldn't be anti-Semitic.

But when you deal with the Intelligentsia, you are dealing with people of no ordinary intelligence. When, in an answer to Rice's attack which the *Review* graciously permitted me to make, I listed the names of fourteen labor leaders who had joined the alliance and pointed out that there were many Jewish members, Elmer had the Perfect Rebuttal: he simply reiterated his charges and added, "Mr. Ryskind seems unaware that there are anti-Semitic Jews, anti-labor union leaders and writers who are traitors to the literary craft." The clear implication was that I was guilty on two counts and possibly, if you accept guilt by association, on all three. God had spoken and it was hardly in order for me to point out that there were excellent playwrights who were political idiots. [I should like to add one more quote from Rice: ". . . it seems to me incredible that anyone can take seriously the charge that American motion pictures show even the slightest trace of Communist influence." If the more than 300 movie names that have been identified since have changed Mr. Rice's opinion, I have read no article by him to that effect.]

One of the ex-Communists told me recently something of the tactics they used at the time. "When the MPA was formed", he said, "we were scared stiff. We had meetings every night debating strategy. Finally, we decided that we could lick the MPA only if we could line the entire industry up against it. With the war, and the large number of Jews in the industry, we decided to use anti-Semitism as our main target. Then, we hoped to get the Screen Writer's Guild, where we had the Liberals in our pocket, to line up the other guilds."

And with that, they started. The cells in each studio got on the job — with excellent results. Thus, if producer A was Jewish, Comrade X, a writer, in discussing the cast, would mention that B (an MPA member) was a fine actor and would fit the role but they oughtn't give an anti-Semite a part in these times. The startled producer, who had known B for years, would ask what he meant. Then X, reluctantly and in strict confidence, would confide something that he said B had told him about Jews. Angered, the producer would usually blurt out that B would never work for him again. And, in spite of the confidence, you couldn't blame him if he managed to inform his co-religionists of what B had done. "We didn't have to say another word after the first time", said the ex-Red. But B never knew what hit him. After a while, his agent would suggest that there might be more jobs if he dropped his MPA membership and joined one of the more Liberal organizations that the Right People belonged to.

By the time the smears had been repeated and enlarged upon, there was no doubt in the mind of any decent Intellectual that we were financed by Hitler and Mussolini. And you could come to the same conclusion by reading the "right" magazines. Of course, the readers of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* were the first to know. But those who perused the calm, dispassionate dispatches of some of the press associations and magazines like *Time* were not too slow in gathering the shameful truth.

[One jolly little paranoiac enjoyed himself writing poison-pen letters in which he charged that the heads of the MPA made most of their money by peddling meat in the black market. The letters had quite a vogue, even reaching New York, until a detective traced them to their source for us — and the author, to save an industry scandal, was quietly dropped by his studio. He was lucky at that: in one of his notes he charged that Sam Wood, the famous director who was our President at the time, was making pro-Hitler speeches and urging people not to buy war bonds. When Sam discovered who the writer was, he was literally sat on by some of the huskier men in our fold to prevent him from rushing over and handling the matter himself. Sam was in his sixties, but in excellent physical condition — and we felt we couldn't afford a charge of mayhem on top of everything else.]

THE HOLLYWOOD INTELLIGENTSIA

DURING THOSE EARLY hectic days, the attitude of the businessmen who controlled the industry was "A plague on both your houses". They frankly didn't give a hoot about who was a Communist and who was a fascist. All they knew was that all this talk was hurting the industry. And who had started the talk? We had. The other boys were "protecting" the good name of the industry. Besides, they argued knowingly, did we really believe that certain men like ———, ——— and ———, getting thousands of dollars a week, were Communists? Preposterous!

By the end of 1946, however, most of them had been sucked into various fronts and had become Liberals. This was a brand new role, and they were enjoying it to the hilt. For the first time in their lives, they were being treated as Intellectuals and not as mere money-grabbers. By simply joining an organization — and making a suitable contribution — they could

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sit at dinner with the Hollywood Intelligentsia and listen to discussions on Art (the Russian Ballet), Literature (Howard Fast's latest book), World Affairs (how Stalin is cooperating with Roosevelt and to Hell with the MPA). New horizons opened to them and they realized how drab their previous lives had been. They began to produce "significant" pictures: the Warners did "Mission to Moscow" and Sam Goodwyn made an epic on life in the Soviet fatherland as Lillian Hellman saw it. And all the producers suddenly began to talk like Paul Hoffman.

So, when it became apparent in 1947 that the industry was to be openly "lynched" by the Un-American Activities Committee and that a good many of the MPA boys were going to repeat before Congress the "vicious lies" they had been circulating locally, the producers prepared themselves. Just before we of the MPA left for Washington, a group of us met with two of the attorneys for the industry. Their attitude was that we had hurt the industry enough and they hoped we would be friendly. We replied that when we testified we would be under oath, and could hardly be expected to pull any punches. And, we went on to say, we thought that sweeping the dirt under the rug was never effective. We suggested that, even at that late date, the industry could gain the plaudits of the country by getting on our side. But we were told coldly that there were such things as Civil Liberties and that freedom of thought was an American tradition. At the same time, were were informed, in a nice way, of course, that the industry knew how to protect itself against its enemies. I do not say any threat was uttered; I do say that I gathered from the remarks that some of us might be expendable — which shows you the kind of nasty mind I have.

Anyhow, we went on to Washington to testify against the Unfriendly Ten. The press lined up almost solidly against us, but somehow the people lined up solidly with us. The reaction was swift. Attendance dropped frightfully at theatres where the more Hollywood names were being starred. There were some organized boycotts, but the big drop came from the average, unorganized American. He just didn't like it when the famous $64 question wasn't answered.

As public reaction became clearer and clearer, the industry heads met and did a first-class switcheroo. They forgot all about Civil Liberties and hastened to assure the public that they were through with the Unfriendly Ten and anybody else who didn't answer the legitimate questions of a sacred Congressional Committee. Mr. Bogart wrote an open letter, telling how he had been misled into joining the First Amendment tour. In the Screen Writers' Guild there was a counterrevolution. In the ensuing election, the Liberals ousted some of the more notorious Stalinites they had defended so long, and elected a new board. True, the new board was just as anti-MPA as ever, but it at least was conscious that Communism was not much better.

And that, my friends, is How the Liberals Won the War and Saved Hollywood.

Of course, it's true that Jim McGuinness, one of our best leaders, came home to find out he had been demoted — after eighteen years — by his studio; and that the Liberal Producer who saw no reason for not hiring Commies was shortly thereafter made head of the same studio; and that, not too long afterward, Jim consented to a settlement of his contract. These are coincidences, and life is full of them.

And I know a writer, generally considered a good craftsman and one who worked as often as he pleased. Against his dictor's advice, he went to Washington with the other MPA boys to testify against the Commies. Curiously enough, since that time he has not seen the inside of a studio. I hear he can't write anymore, and that I'm in no position to dispute. I suspect he should have listened to his doctor and stayed in bed.

THE RAT'S DEN

BUT EVERY WAR HAS ITS innocent casualties. One thing is certain: the Commies are on the run in Hollywood and are no longer getting huge sums for the party. The Fronts don't flourish and what Reds there are remain silent.

I would say that a great part of this is due to Roy Brewer, now president of the MPA, who is the local head of the I.A.T.S.E., the powerful theatrical and movie union. And I suspect Roy's power comes more from his position as labor leader than from his place in the Alliance. Roy met the Commies head on on the labor front and whaled the everlasting tar out of them. At any rate, when Roy talks, the producers listen — and probably wish they had listened years ago.

So, in the main, everything, with the few minor exceptions noted, is hunky-dory these days. The attacks on the MPA abate — at least the most virulent form. We're all on the same side now, and a few Liberals have even renewed a nodding acquaintance with me.

But, somehow, in spite of everything, I keep my guard up. Maybe, after fifteen years in Coventry, I don't know how to act with people. And maybe I've read too much. For, in addition to Heraclitus, I recall an old French saying to the effect that the more things change the more they remain the same.

Anyway, I'll watch a few more games.

Morrie Ryskind is a Hollywood script writer, author of several Broadway plays, contributor to Plain Talk *and the* Freeman.

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